



W. Hogarth del.

Per Vulnere Servor
Morte tuâ Vivens.

Virg. Aenid.



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Per Vulnere Servor
Morte tuâ Vivens.

Virg. Aenid.

JUDITH:

AN

ORATORIO,

OR,

SACRED DRAMA.

BY

W

H

Esq;

THE

MUSIC.

Composed by

Mr. WILLIAM DE FESCH,
Late Chapel-Master of the Cathedral
Church at *Antwerp*.



LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.XXXIII.

Dramatis Personæ:

HOLOFERNES, *General of the Assyrians,*

ACHIOR, *Captain of the Ammonites,*

OZIAS, *Governor of Bethulia.*

JUDITH.

HIGH PRIEST.

BAGOAS, *Eunuch of HOLOFERNES,*

ASSYRIAN *Officers,*

BETHULIANS.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.



JUDITH.

A

Sacred DRAMA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter HOLOFERNES and Assyrians, and ACHIOR
Captain of the Ammonites.*

RECIT.

Holof.



ET the devouring Sword be
sheath'd,
My Thirst of Blood is almost
satiated;
The suppliant *Sydonians* wisely
save

The Lives of Millions,
By this well-tim'd submissive Embassy:

A 2

But

But on the curst *Bethulia's* Wall
My Vengeance shall redoubled fall.

A I R.

Euphrates gently, softly flows,
When nothing does his Course oppose;
But if he's check'd, with Rage he roars,
And pours wild Ruin on the neighb'ring Shores.

R E C I T.

Lead on, and see, I charge you,
That neither Age nor Infancy,
Religion, Innocence, or Beauty,
Obtain Compassion
From our well-appointed Steel.

C H O R U S.

The World shall bow to the *Affyrian* Throne,
And for it's Deity shall own
NEBUCHADONNAZER alone.

R E C I T. *Accomp.*

Holof. Let us enrich their destin'd Land with Blood,
Choak up the Rivers with the Dead,
Raze to the Ground their Temples;
Let their imagin'd God of Heav'n save 'em
From our Arms.

C H O R U S.

The World shall bow, &c.

Holof. Lead on.

R E C I T.

Achior. Most potent, most victorious General,
 Forgive the Truths I shall impart,
 Dictates of my Prophetick Heart:
 The GOD of Heav'n, whom they adore,
 Will combat for them 'gainst our Pow'r,
 And put our Hosts to flight.
 I therefore counsel, we our Arms withdraw,
 And quit these Favourites of Heav'n;
 For whilst they so remain,
 All earthly Force is vain.

A I R.

The mighty GOD, around whose Throne,
 Myriads of Seraphims rejoice,
 With never-ceasing tuneful Voice,
 Will laugh to Scorn our human Pride;
 And save this People, who alone
 For his all-pow'rful Favour wait,
 Our threat'ning Army to defeat,
 And not in Chariots or in Horse confide.

C H O R U S.

Curse on the false prophetick Dreamer,
 Let him die.

R E.

R E C I T.

Holof. Drag hence the Traitor, let him fall,
 Example of our Vengeance unto all,
 Who on this God of Heav'n dare call :
 Let his vile Body be by Horses torn,
 The reeking Limbs unto the Dogs be born.
 Yet hold !

Let the wise Seer live,
 Convey him, chain'd, to yon detested Wall,
 There let him on his holy People call ;
 If they receive him, he shall be
 Spectator of his Helpers Misery,
 And I'll reward him for his Prophecy.

A I R.

The tow'ring Eagle, with Disdain,
 Suffers his Prey to fly,
 To shew how soon he renders vain
 His Pris'ners languid Labour thro' the Sky.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



S C E N E II.

Enter Officers with ACHIOR chain'd.

R E C I T.

Officer. The Slings and Arrows from the Walls
 Forbid us nearer to approach,
 Let's climb this craggy Cliff, there chain
 The wretched Slave, no matter how he perish;
 By Hunger now, or else hereafter
 By our Sword.

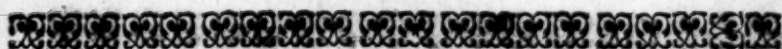
A I R.

Foolish Dotard,
 Now prophecy, the Wonders tell, *[Scornfully.]*
 Done by the GOD of ISRAEL;
 Invoke, upon this burning Sand,
 The Aid of his all-pow'rful Hand.

[Exeunt Officers, manet ACHIOR.]



SCENE



S C E N E III.

R E C I T. *Accomp.*

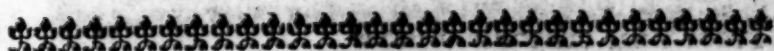
Achior. O Pow'r supreme, Parent of Good,
 That with thy heav'nly Comfort,
 Amidst these dreary Desarts chearest up
 My Mind; let me adore thee,
 By thy celestial Rays illumin'd,
 Altho' my Soul's confin'd
 Within its fleshly Manacles,
 As is my Body with these impious Chains,
 Methinks I voyage thro' the blest Abodes
 Of Saints, of Martyrs, who have died
 For their Belief of future Happiness,
 With thee, doubtless more virtuous
 Than my miserable self, not more
 Tormented; — Oh!

A I R.

Welcome Torture to my Breast,
 Sweetest Anguish,
 Whilst I languish
 For the Mansions of the Blest :
 Friendly Hunger, quickly tear me,
 Kindly biting Fetters, wear me,
 With Joy I fly to endless Rest.

[Faints.]

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

Enter OZIAS and Bethulians from the Walls.

R E C I T.

Ozias. Where did you hear those melancholy Accents
You describe?
Search carefully, and banish Fear,
No hostile Power can approach us here,
Too steep is the Ascent,

Bethul. Methinks I yonder see upon the Ground
A human Body, doubtless dead by this Time.

Ozias. Climb, if you can, the Rock,
And bring him hither.
Within our hospitable Walls;
If dead, he quietly entomb'd shall be,
Alive, we'll try to ease his Misery.
Well,
Lives the wretched Mortal?

Bethul. My Lord, he seems to sleep,
But seems to sleep his last.
We found him chain'd upon the Cliff.

Ozias. Haste, and unbind his tortur'd Limbs.

Achior recovering.] Where am I? do I live?
From what delightful Visions
Am I wak'd?

Ozias. Stranger, how came you to this dismal Place?
Can we your Woes relieve?

Achior. Ye good *Bethulians*, I far better find,
By the Virtues of your Mind,
Than by your outward Favour,
You no *Affyrians* are.
My faint distorted Nerves will not admit
The Story now; let me have some Refreshment,
Within, the Whole I will relate;
Let this suffice, I told the General,
The God of Heav'n would fight for you,
For which in Wrath he did pursue
My Life, and vows to seek it here;
But they who trust in God can know no fear.

A I R.

In vain the Heathens storm and rage,
And Hosts of Men against you lay,
The Lord shall on your Side engage,
And all their feeble Power dismay,

C H O R U S.

The Lord shall on our, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Melancholy Symphony.

OZIAS *solus.*

RECIT.

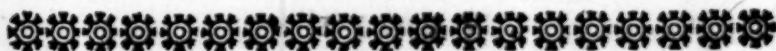
FOR what enormous Crimes,
Just Heav'n, do we feel
This Visitation?
This Drought as certain (more severe alas!
Since not so expeditious) Death inflicts
On us, as would the Rage
Of HOLOFERNES.
O Lord, thy Servants Anguish view,
And bless them with thy heav'nly Dew.

AIR.

Burst forth with Show'rs each swelling Cloud,
And for the supplicating Crowd
Overflow the thirsty Cup:
And thou, O Sun, withdraw thy Rays,
Nor let thy fierce Meridian Blaze
Scorch my fainting People up.

RECIT.

Somewhat must be resolved on,
If I give up the City,
Our Country I lay open to the Foe.
But see! the thirsty Wretches,
Impatient of the small Allowance
Our Water yet affords them,
My Choice will soon determine.



SCENE II.

Enter Bethulians.

RECIT.

1st. Beth. O racking Pains!
When will our wish'd-for Enemy attack
These Walls, and with his friendly Dagger
Relieve the Anguish we endure,
And with our Death afford a Cure?

Ozias. A little longer, fellow Citizens,
Have Patience, and expect, from Heav'n,
Pity, or from *Jerusalem*,
Assistance.

AIR;

A I R.

2d. *Beth*. No more delude,
 No more obtrude,
 Your Dreams of Hope, your Flattery:
 Our fell Despair
 Will quickly bear
 Us from this Seat of Misery.

R E C I T.

3d. *Beth*. No longer will we hear
 Our Wives, our Infants piercing Cries,
 Nor leave the Widow, or the Orphan
 To lament our Deaths.

A Melancholy CHORUS.

Together we will die
 By the *Affyrian* Sword.

R E C I T.

2d. *Beth*. For know, before To-morrow's Sun,
 His dreadful scorching Course shall run,
 Without Delay, for Terms of Mercy,
 To the Barbarians Arms we vow
 To render up ourselves.

CHORUS again.

Together we will die, &c.

A I R I E T T.

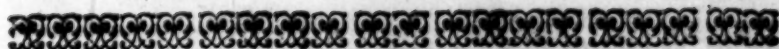
Ozias. Suff'rings must be above Measure,
Which make Hope of Death a Pleasure.

R E C I T.

But let not Rashness thus
Precipitately hurl you to Destruction;
Let us hold out the Siege,
Yet Five Days more, if in that Time,
We no Assistance find,
I call the God of ISRAEL to Witness,
I will surrender up the City.



SCENE



S C E N E III.

Enter JUDITH.

R E C I T.

Alas my Lord what have you rashly sworn?
 Cannot the God whom we adore,
 Relieve us in our great Distress?
 His Power and Mercy, are they less,
 Than heretofore we prov'd them?

Ozias. Virtuous JUDITH.

My Faith and Hope in God
 Is great as yours,
 But all Command is vain, where Misery
 Makes Prince and People on a Level.

Judith. Your Lives I'd ransom with my Blood,
 And die with Pleasure for our People's Good.
 Blest be the Pow'r that has inspir'd me
 With a Thought that promises Success,
 Before the Sun returns
 To drink the poor Remainder
 In our Cisterns,
 To the Heathen Camp I go.

A I R.

A I R.

With Wings of eager Haste I fly,
To bring you Life and Liberty.
The Lord shall, by my feeble Hand,
From the Besiegers, free our Land.

Exit JUDITH.

R E C I T.

Ozias. Her Mind is fraught with some great Enter-
prize,
That darts forth Gleams of Comfort from her Eyes.

A I R.

Affist, ye heav'nly Pow'rs! the great Design,
Inspire her with your Influence divine.

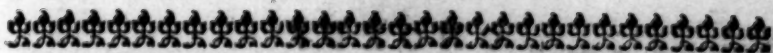
C H O R U S.

Your Temples from the Heathens Fury save,
And make this Land the fierce Besiegers Grave.

[*Exeunt*.]



SCENE



SCENE IV.

*Enter JUDITH richly dressed, her Maid, OZIAS, High
PRIEST, ACHIOR, &c.*

RECIT.

Judith. Forbear your Sighs, my Fellow Sufferers,
Put up your Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Whilst I go
To pour its Vengeance on our Foe.
My faithful Servant, take this Cruse of Oil,
This Wine, this Bread; this Sustenance will serve
Us long enough, we need not taste
Our Foes forbidden Meats; and, thus accoutred, I
Against an Army march, no weapon with me
But my Fraud, forgive me Heav'n
The Artifice I use,
To save my poor distressed Country.

AIR.

Gayly smiling,
And beguiling,
I'll the hostile Guards amuse;
With these false and shining Tresses,
With my falser soft Caresses,
I the Tyrant will abuse.

[Exit JUDITH, with her Maid.]

C

CHOR.

CHORUS.

O mighty GOD of ISRAEL, hear
Thy chosen Servants humble Pray'r.

Ozias. By thee the starry Heav'ns were made.

Achior. By thee the Earth's Foundation laid.

H. Priest. By thee the Seas created were ;
Thy Power breaks the Bow and Spear.

Trio. Let this heroic Female Arm
The bloody Heathens Rage disarm.

All. O mighty GOD of ISRAEL, hear
Thy chosen Servant's humble Pray'r.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

HOLOFERNES in his Tent with Officers.

R E C I T.

Holo. **H**ERE let our Councils end,
It shall be so, To-morrow's orient Sun
Lights yon detested Pris'ners
To their eternal Doom. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

How now ! what Noise disturbs our Quiet?

Enter JUDITH and her Maid guarded.

Guard. So please you,
Most mighty General, on my Post of Guard,
I took these Women.

Holo. Ye Pow'rs, what stupendous Beauty !
Unhand them and be gone. [*Exit Guard.*]

Say, lovely fair one, what could move you,
Trust your delicious Person
Amidst th' unwholsom Ev'ning Damps,
And thro' the dangerous Tents
Of brutal Soldiers.

Judith. Thy Servant hath been skill'd in Prophecy,
And having in a Vision seen,
That by To-morrows Sun
This Army shall possess yon City. —

Holo. Ah! you rejoice me, but proceed.

Judith. I flew, altho' with utmost Hazard,
From the devoted Place, in Hopes to find
The brave, the gen'rous HOLOFERNES,
And supplicate the Grace to be his Slave.

Holo. And thou hast haply found him.

Judith. Thus let me prostrate fall. [kneeling]

Holo. Rise, [snatching her up ^{hastily}].
My fair one, thou hast fail'd in thy Design,
Thou can'st to be my Slave, but I am thine.

A I R.

The Queen of Beauty does ordain,
You over human Kind shall reign
The Conqu'ror of all Hearts:
Love does to your Eyes repair,
And furnishes his Quiver there,
With never-erring Darts.

R E C I T.

Judith. My Lord, this gay Politeness well becomes
Such Nobles, bred in Courts and Arms;

But

But I, your Slave and Vassal,
Dare not understand it.
So please your Mightiness to give Command,
That I and my Companion here,
May unmolested pass the Camp:
And, as my Custom is,
My Morn and Even Orisons perform,
In which my Lord you'll ever be remember'd.

Holo. What, ho!

Guard. My Lord.

[*Enter Guard,*

Holo. Be it your Care to give my Orders out,
That these two Females meet no Interruption,
At what Hour or Place so e'er they pass,
On Pain of the severest Death.

Judith. Most gracious Lord,
Accept my humble Thanks.

[*Exit JUDITH and Maid,*

R E C I T.

Holo. Come hither, BAGOAS,
What has my Folly done?

R E C I T. *Accomp.*

I scorch, I freeze, I burst with Rage;
Some pitying Pow'r my Grief assuage.
Gods! from my Bones the Flesh I'll tear.
No Angel can be half so fair.

Bagoas.

Bagoas. Alas he raves,
My Lord, for Heav'n's Sake your self compose,
What is your Cause of Pain.

Holo. Thanks my good BAGOAS, thy Voice
Restores me for a while, this *Hebrew* Beauty
Has smote me to the Heart, and I'm in Rage
To think I let a Jewel 'scape me,
Richer than our *Affyrian* Empire.
How would her poignant Wit laugh us to scorn,
If she should get away without my better
Converse with her?

Bag. Fear not, my Lord, she can't be far,
I'll bring her back, you know my Skill
In amorous Undertakings.

A I R.

Holo. Swift as my eager Wishes move,
Run, fly, borrow the Wings of Love.
Bring to my longing Arms the Fair,
My Life depends upon thy Care.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE



SCENE II.

Enter JUDITH.

R E C I T.

Thus far I have successful prov'd,
 My Eyes, I dare believe, have executed
 Their intended Mischief. Let us now
 Commend ourselves to Heav'n,
 For Night creeps on apace.
 But hark, methinks I hear the Footsteps
 Of one who this way hastens.

Enter BAGOAS.

R E C I T.

Well overtaken, Lady, I pursued you
 With a Message from my Lord,
 An Invitation to this Ev'ning's Banquet.

Judith. Who is thy Lord?

Bagoas. The Mighty HOLOFERNES whom your Eyes
 Have made your Slave.

Judith. Thou of thy Lord has learnt
 The Dialect of Flattery.

I am his Slave, and must obey.
 Permit me only, with Devotion
 To recommend myself to Heav'n,
 I soon will follow you.

Bagoas. By his Command I must attend you.
 Leave to the old this Drudgery of Prayer,
 Let the gay and youthful move,
 No Deity but mighty Love.

Judith. Audacious Blasphemer! but I must dissemble.

A I R. Duett.

Jud. To Joy and to Pleasure,

Bag. To Love without Measure.

I my } Charms will now resign,
 You your }

Jud. With a Lover so inviting,

Bag. With a Beauty so delighting.

Both. The am'rous Meeting is divine.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

SCENE III.

HOLOFERNES *in his Tent, a Banquet placed.*

AIRIETT.

Love, quickly to my Eyes restore
The beauteous Charmer I adore.

R E C I T.

But see, my faithful Eunuch
Conducts her hither,
O transporting Object!

Enter JUDITH *and her Maid, with* BAGOAS.

R E C I T.

Jud. Give me the Basket and Provisions,
Attend, without the Tent,
My coming forth. *[Exit Maid.]*

R E C I T.

Holof. Welcome, bright Virgin, to this Tent,
Not th' Empireal Seat of Jove
Is half so richly deck'd,
As is this Place with thy celestial Beauty.

Be seated fair one.

[*they fate.*

Beseech you taste the humble Banquet
For you prepar'd.

Jud. Forgive, my Lord, our Nation's Laws
Forbidding, I have myself provided
My small Repast.

Holof. But should your Stay be longer
Than you thought?

Jud. I have enough to last
Till Heav'n my Wishes shall accomplish.

[*Rises; and the Table removed.*

Holof. Give me to drink,
To the bright *Hebrew's* Health,
Let the shrill Trumpets Sound
Rowl thro' the vaulted Roof of Heav'n.

[*Drinks.*

A I R Duett.

[*Drinking again, almost drunk:*

Thus, thus, we'll improve
With Wine and with Love,
Our Time that flies swift away;
In Mirth and in Joy
We'll our Moments employ,
Which won't be prevail'd on to stay.

R E C I T.

Holof. Out with these Slaves that interrupt
My Joys, Villains be gone.

[*very drunk.*

[*Exit BAGOAS and Attendants.*

Co---me

Co - - - me Cha - - - rmer to - - -

My A - - - - - rms.

[Staggering, she supports him to the Bed.]

Jud. Haste to your Couch, my Lord,

I come.

[Falls on the Bed.]

R E C I T. *Accomp.*

The silent Night

Has in its sooty Mantle wrap'd the World,

No glimmering Light is seen

Throughout the Camp; the Hour is come,

To save my Country, and to execute

The Will of Heav'n upon this lustful Tyrant.

A I R.

[Takes up his Fauchion.]

O God, a manly Strength impart

To my Hand as to my Heart,

For thy chosen People's Sake.

Rush forth thou massy glitt'ring Sword,

That on thy detested Lord

My just Vengeance I may take.

R E C I T.

[Cuts off his Head, and pulls down the Canopy of his Bed, and comes forward.]

Thus may thy Foes, O Lord,

For ever perish; let me now conceal

The Head, the Trunk I quickly shall revisit.

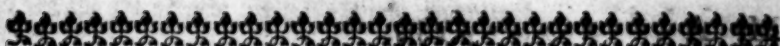
[puts the Head into her Basket.]

[Exit.]

SCENE

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SCENE



SCENE IV.

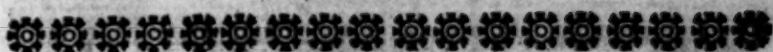
Enter BAGOAS.

RECIT.

Sure Wine and Love are potent Opiates:
 'Tis Time to wake the General:
 But ah! O Horror, Horror!
 My Master's murder'd by this *Hebrew Devil*.
 And these Shouts proclaim
 The Enemy approaches,
 To reap the Fruit of this successful
 Treachery, I'll fly where-ever
 My Despair transports me, [Runs off.
*A Noise of Battle, Trumpets, after shouting as of
 Victory.*



SCENE



S C E N E V.

A Grand March.

*Enter in Triumph JUDITH, OZIAS, HIGH PRIEST, and
ACHIOR, cum Cæteris. HOLOFERNES's Head on a
Spear.*

Grand CHORUS.

Judith. Begin your Song, the Wonders tell
Done by the GOD of ISRAEL.
ASSUR with mighty Armies marched forth,
Join'd with the Squadrons of the frozen North;
But from the threatning Enemy,
The virtuous JUDITH set us free,
Her Charms the mighty one a Pris'ner took,
The Fauchion thro' his destin'd Neck she struck.
The *Medes* were of her Hardiness afraid,
The *Persian* with her Courage was dismay'd,
They fell not by the Giant's Hand,
'Twas lovely JUDITH freed our Land.

Judith. Let the Tyrant's Canopy
H. Priest. To the Lord an Off'ring be.
Our Women did the Fugitives destroy,
Then did the sore afflicted shout for Joy.
Let all the Earth the Wonders tell,
Done by the GOD of ISRAEL.

E I N I S

SCENE V.

A Grand March.

There is the noble Prince of Wales, and
 Achmet, the Grand Vizier, and his
 train.

Grand Chor.

Justice, be thou good, the Wonders tell
 Done by the God of Israel.

Assured with mighty Armies, we will
 Join'd with the Champions of the North;

But from the thunders of the East,
 The mightiest Armies, we will meet.

Her Crown the mighty one a better took,
 The Fashioning his dearest took the Rock.

The Walls were of her Handshake afraid,
 The Prison with her Courage was afraid.

They fell not by the Grand Hand.

'Twas lovely Justice, the Lord's Hand.



Justice, let the Lord's Hand be
 H. P. To the Lord's Hand be.

Our Women did the Lord's Hand be
 Then did the Lord's Hand be the Joy.

Let all the Hand the Wonders tell.

Done by the God of Israel.

W. L. N. 12